SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER. REGULAR PRICE 10cts

Our Motto this Month-"LET 'ER GO" 10cts

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

Vol. II. No. 9

DECEMBER, 1898

Schloss

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Photo by Stebbing, Paris.

THE GIRL AND THE SCREEN.

She is a Parisian, called Musette. That's the only name by which Paris photographers know her. She has a tremendous vogue at present, and while not especially pretty, seems to have a fascination for collectors of photographs.

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Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

THE VERY LATEST THING IN PARISIAN POSING.

Although the season for bathing is over for the Parisian butterflies they still make use of their bathing costumes by having their pictures taken in the manner shown above. The young woman's name is Augier, and she is a sprightly chorus girls at one of the Paris music halls.

RIGHT OFF THE REEL.

"Want a situation as errand-boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?"

"Well, guv'nor, I don't know, but I reckon it aint near enough to interfere with me running errands."

He got the job.

NOTHING SO COMMON.

"Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with these toy soldiers. That's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you," said her mother.

"But, mamma, I am not playing with the soldiers. I picked out the officers and played with them."

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Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

MDLLE. FARNIER, A BEAUTIFUL POSEUSE OF THE PARIS STUDIOS.

Farnier—her front name is Marie—is a great favorite in the Paris studios, and her features have appeared in more than one salon offering.

TRUSTING TO SUPERSTITION.

"Why do you insist upon being married on Friday, Whirly?"

"So that her folks will charge all our bad luck to that fact instead of to me."

TOO FAR TO FALL.

POET (*with MS.*)—What floor is the editorial department?

ELEVATOR BOY—Thirteenth.

POET—Good-day!

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MERRI OSBORNE AND A NEW PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS; ALSO A LITTLE DASH OF LACE AND ALMOST A SMILE.

Miss Osborne is now appearing in that chaste classic "The Turtle" at the Manhattan Theatre, New York

---

ENCOURAGED BUSINESS.

"My father is a great believer in bicycling."

"Is he a dealer?"

"No; doctor."

SENSIBLE QUESTION.

BIRMAN—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?

MAGLEY—Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?

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MERRI OSBORNE IN STILL ANOTHER FETCHING ATTITUDE.

She is wondering, perhaps, if all the world is as white and beautiful as "The Turtle" leads her to suppose.

EXPERIENCE.

MAMMA—Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday.

JOHNNY—H'm! I'll bet the teacher told you. A woman never can keep a secret.

ENGAGEMENT RENEWED.

"As our engagement is at an end, Tom, you would, of course, like all your letters and everything you have given me returned?"

"Yes, Mabel—particularly the kisses."

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Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

DELLA FOX, FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Miss Fox is now starring in "The Litt'e Host," and this picture was taken during her recent trip to New York.

INSISTED ON IT.

BACON—Let me shake your hand, dear boy. This is the happiest day of your life.

EGBERT—You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until to-morrow.

BACON—That's what I say. This is the happiest day of your life.

CHEERFUL.

CUSTOMER—I want a copy of the prescription you made up for me the other day.

DRUGGIST—I'll have to give you the original, sir.

"Why?"

"To tell the truth, I can't read what it says."

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ANNA HELD IN "THE FRENCH MAID."

This shows the little French singer of the busy shoulders in one of the few sustained characters she has played. Mdlle. Held continues to sing the old songs that made such a profound impression on American scientists in anatomy.

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To Arietta

Thou sweet, thou twirling, swirling, glimmering maze
Of sheeny tights and shimmery satin stays,
Thy wild gyrations well nigh drive me crazy;
Thou supple, sinuous, seductive daisy!
Superb thy sylph-like motions—yet how sleek
Thy curving limbs! Is it paint upon thy cheek?
Or is it Cupid's kisses' lingering afterglow?
Woulds't thou wert pleased to tell—I'd so much like to know!
I'd give a quart of nectar, or a X Yquem
If I might try a single taste of them;
Or, if thy choice were toward it, good Scotch whiskey,
The usual pick-me-up of all the frisky;
Just as it pleases thee, for my poor heart's aflame
At sight of thee, thou sonsy, saucy, svelte, thou acrobatic dame.

FRANCIS ASHER.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

MOTHER—Dear me! The baby has swallowed that piece of worsted.

FATHER—That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up.

SATISFACTORY ALL 'ROUND.

MISTRESS (*to new servant*)—Your recommendations are good, and I think you will do very well. And, now, let me tell you that my husband is a colonel.

SERVANT—Oh! ma'am. I dote on soldiers.

SURE.

GERTIE—I wonder if that gentleman can hear me when I sing?

JULIE—Of course, he can. He is closing the window already.

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UPPER BROADWAY SNAP SHOTS.

With pictures by LEE HARRISON'S camera. With words of wisdom straight from his face.

HEAVEN forgive me for once again scourging the public with my hated presence; but I've got a new job and I want everyone to know it. Most of these pictures are snap-shots around my new factory on Broadway, between Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Streets, taken by my dinkey camera which I carry in my little tin dinner pail, so that the other factory hands won't know what I'm at. I'll bet they all think it's a ham sandwich or a boiled dinner. But I've fooled them.

As you probably know, Daly's Theatre and Weber & Fields' nestle closely to each other in an embrace as loving as that of a pair of country lovers returning from a picnic at Byngtown. These two temples of high art are a sort of Siamese twins. You can tickle one under the chin without making the other giggle. You will note that all of my pictures, however, were not taken in the immediate vicinity of this high art dramatic duo.

I am modest enough to start off with a picture of that gifted author, artist and vivid raconteur—myself. I know you will forgive me because I am so handsome, and certainly quite as distinguished looking as Mr. Charles Richman or the Hon. "Chuck" Connors; take your pick. In this picture I am caught red-handed, as Ned Buntline used to say in his beautifully thrilling stories.

One of the most gladsome and touching sights I've ever seen is that depicted

MANAGER LEO TELLER AND COMEDIAN "JOE" WEBER.
In a cab turning the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway. The Sturtevant House in the background.

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FRANKIE BAILEY AND NELL'E BEAUMONT.

Reading the latest mash communication just outside the stage door.

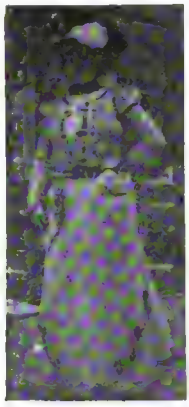
in my snap-sho of Manager Leo Teller and "Joe" Weber coming around the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway in a hansom cab. The smile of contentment and joyous glee on the face of Mr. Teller led me to suppose that someone else had paid for the cab. I've a faint idea that if was the fag end of an election bet.

Another unusual and exciting scene shows Frankie Bailey and Nellie Beaumont at one of the most exciting periods in their careers. This was the nineteenth mash note of the week, to say nothing of four telephone calls, thirteen telegrams and seventeen postals. The answer was "No," of course. Perhaps this is the first time that Peeley Weeley Winkum really received his answer. How those girls do keep the fellows guessing!

JOHN T. KELLY.

Taking his back to a morning rehearsal of "Cyranose de Bric-a-Brac."

I've the honor to announce that I show herewith for the first time the back of John T. Kelly. Other times and other men have shown his ears, his eyebrows, his smile and his well-built brogue, but this is the first time that anyone has secured a photograph of the real Kelly back. It is as interesting and intellectually inspiring as Cleopatra's needle or "Smiling John" Kelly's smile.



VIRGINIA EARLE.
Also going to rehearsal.

That's Jimmie Powers all right. He was just going to rehearsal at Daly's, and in a moment was followed by Virginia Earle, whom I also present with compliments of the season.

It has taken the greatest possible strength of resolve and moral stamina not to call the picture of De Wolf Hopper and Charles Klein, taken at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway, "The Long and Short of It." I leave such pleasantries, however, to the famous comic writers. Pass on to the next platform, ladies and gentlemen.

And now we have one of the most use-

JAMES T. POWERS.

On West Twenty-ninth Street, going to the stage door of Daly's Theatre. Corner of Gilsey House in the background.

LIBRETTIST "CHARLEY" KLEIN AND DE WOLF HOPPER.

Coming out of the side entrance of the Knickerbocker Theatre, Thirty-eighth Street and Broadway.

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THE PROPERTY MAN.

Going out of Weber & Fields' for a pail of condensed milk for the thirsty.

ful and painstaking members of the dramatic profession, our property man, rushing the growler for the benefit of his thirsty and suffering fellow artists. I wish to remark *ong passong* that this official is one of the most popular and efficient jugglers of the tin pail in New York at the present time.

And now—Miss Rose Beaumont, the other half of the famous Beaumont Sisters. Miss Beaumont has just come out from rehearsal and looks as spick and span as if she had been reading a French novel all day instead of rehearsing for six hours in the merry mosaic by Harry B. and Edgar Smith.

The picture of Hali Adali is altogether different from the others. It was taken surreptitiously and with malice aforethought by yours truly in Sarony's gallery on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Hali Adali will not, I hope, resent this liberty. While I can generally take care of myself in election mobs, falling elevators, romping cable cars and runaway electric cabs, I must admit that I have no desire to let Mr. Hali Adali toy carelessly with my person. Hence my apology and hope.

ROSE BEAUMONT.
Playing solitaire.

THE GENTLE HALI ADALI.

Turkish wrestler, waiting for his turn to pose in Sarony's gallery on Fifth Avenue.

The last two pictures on this page come last because they were taken first. However, blame the editor who has no more regard for the privileges and desires of an humble contributor than a bulldog has for the way the crease of your trousers looks in front.

The pictures on the other pages are also the result of a scientific search along the highways and byways of the metropolis. If they are not the best that ever happened, all I can say is that they are at least mine, and in this undisputed right I can go Shakespeare one better.

Well, so long.

Your Kodac Friend,

LEE HARRISON.

"MANNY" WARNER,
THE LONDON THEATRICAL AGENT.

Frankie Bailey, Nellie Beaumont, and Rose Beaumont, in the order named, in front of the theatre on Broadway.

LEE HARRISON,
AUTHOR AND PHOTOGRAPHER.

Snap-shooting Weber and Fields by the side of their own house.

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THE GIRL WHO DID.

THE TRUE STORY OF A LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL, WHO WENT TO ENGLAND AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE.

TWO years ago she was utterly unknown to fame. She came to New York from a New England city. First she joined the chorus of a comic opera company. She did not show any particular signs of genius, but she had the face of a Madonna. Modesty and goodness were written all over her features. Her face was calm with that calmness which comes from the inner consciousness that the world is a pretty good place in which to live and that the people in it are good also. Her features were regular, and her eyes were as innocent of guile as the pellucid depths of a mountain stream. She dressed plainly and acted like a convent pupil under the eye of the Mother Superior. She was decidedly, unquestionably pretty, but this prettiness was at first lost sight of in the rush of the town.

One night the manager of the company in which she appeared made a discovery. From a box he surveyed the chorus as it assembled at the finale and discovered that this meek little girl with the innocent eyes stood out in fine relief from the rest of the company like a cameo against a background of bottle glass.

"I'll make use of her some day," said the manager; and then he forgot.

In a few weeks he remembered again. There was a new piece to produce. He had no woman on his list for the leading character, which demanded simplicity of style above all things else. He thought of the little girl in the chorus. It was a desperate chance, but he took it and won out.

In six weeks that girl was the talk of the country. She had made an acknowledged hit, and in one night had jumped from the utterly obscure to the fierce glow of admiring publicity.

But she still remained the same little woman with the same Madonna-like face. I forgot to mention that she was engaged to be married. Her beau took her to and from the theatre and with him she ate the lowly sandwich and drank the unpretentious beer after the performance. And they were so very

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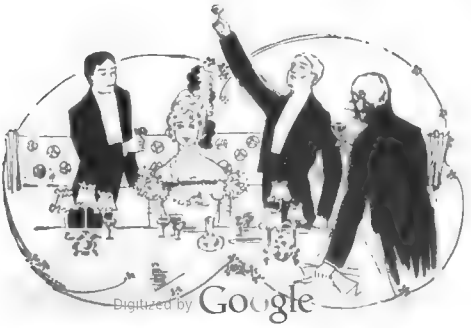
"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY."
By J. Willie Pypp, the well-known artist in black and white.

happy. And while all the world was at her feet, they loved and kept their vows.

Now comes a transformation scene. We are in London. The same girl is in the same piece, and the same applause greets her each night, but the beer and sandwich are no more. The face is still Madonna-like at times, and the eyes have not lost their winning freshness, but at times there is in them a gleam that tell of experience and a newer knowledge of the world and its people.



And away out in St. John's Wood there is a little dovecote fitted like the abode of a princess, and the furnishings of which were paid for with a check bearing the signature of one of London's most profligate young noblemen.

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ALICE NIELSEN RINGS IN A FEW MERRY CHANGES.

Illustrated with photographs taken by J. Schloss, New York.

In the first act.

In the second act.

MISS ALICE NIELSEN, the latest American operatic star to make her bow before the public, must be a pretty busy little woman these days and nights. The average comic opera doesn't afford opportunity for too much luxurious ease from the time the curtain goes up until the going down thereof. But Miss Nielsen's case must be doubly trying for the simple reason that she makes more than the ordinary number of changes, and in this respect at least gives a pretty good imitation of the old-time character change artist. In the first place, she appears as *Musette*, a gypsy fortune-teller. You know what she wears, of course. All stage gypsies dress alike, and they are all equally different from the black jowled, unwashed article that steals our horses when he doesn't beat us on a trade. Then she appears as *Irma*, a pupil in the ballet school at Buda-Pesth. Then she appears in two or three costumes as herself, her brother and someone else. She makes a particularly stunning picture in her grenadier's costume and carries her sword like a Seventh Regiment man at an armory ball.

Miss Nielsen made a good impression on Broadway, when she appeared at Wallack's Theatre. Now that I think of it, I wonder what the "Bostonians" think of Frank Perley's success. It must please them. They must be as tickled to death as a man who drops into a cistern with his dress suit on. Perley did a good deal more for the "Bostonians" than the "Bostonians" ever did for Perley, and I have a faint suspicion that Mr. Henry Clay Barnabee and his fellow singers are finding this out to their sorrow.

L. A. J.

In the last act.

Also in the last act.

FAMILY PRIDE.

Mistress — Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?

Bridget—They wanted to, ma'am, but I told 'em yez had plenty of your own, and betther too.

NOT NEW.

She—When they hear you are going to be married, dear, won't they raise your salary?

He—I'm afraid not, darling; they have heard it so often before.

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Drawn especially for the Broadway Magazine by Algernon Pushing'on de Albermarle.

A WELL-KNOWN CYCLE FIGURE ON THE BOULEVARD.

We don't know why the moon should be so full or why the artist made the poor girl use the atmosphere for a pedal. Ask Mr. A. P. de A.

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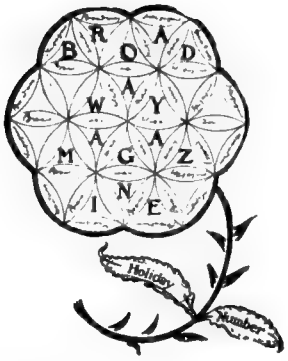

ISSUED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

To any post-office in the United States, Canada or Mexico, one year, post-paid, $1.00.

To foreign countries in the Postal Union, one copy, one year, post-paid, $1.50.

Advertising rates, on application.

Address all communications to Broadway Publishing Co., 1123 Broadway, New York. Telephone, No. 1049-18th Street.

Entered at New York Post-Office as second-class matter.

Vol. II. December, 1898. No. 9.

We are inclined to believe that you'll like this issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. We were modest in our statement last month about the Holiday Number. We simply said that it would be different from any other publication, and if we haven't kept our word please write us an insulting letter and we'll go out of the business.

* * *

There's one funny thing about the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. Each one of our friends comes to us after each issue and kindly points out all the mistakes we make and makes more suggestions in one minute than we could follow out in seven years.

"Why don't you print stories like *Munsey's?*"

"You should have a cover like *McClure's.*"

"Why don't you get Gibson to draw you some pictures like those in *Scribner's?*"

"I know an artist on *Harper's* who could give you just the pictures you need."

"Why don't you publish some boys' stories like those in the *Youth's Companion?*"

"Why don't you? ? ! !"

* * *

We listen very attentively to these sage remarks; then we go ahead and get out the BROADWAY MAGAZINE in our own way and do our best to fill the orders as fast as they come in. In this last respect only do we meet failure, but don't stop giving us suggestions. We like them. They amuse

"Who said Canals?"

us, and besides they don't cost us a cent. So fire them in.

* * *

In an early issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE there will appear a combined literary and pictorial feature such as has never before been exploited in any magazine. It will be strikingly beautiful and thoroughly unique, and the older magazines will probably wonder why it has never been done before. You'll know it when you see it.

SHE—Do you speak any foreign language?
IT—Oh, ya—as. Golf, cricket and Pittsburg.

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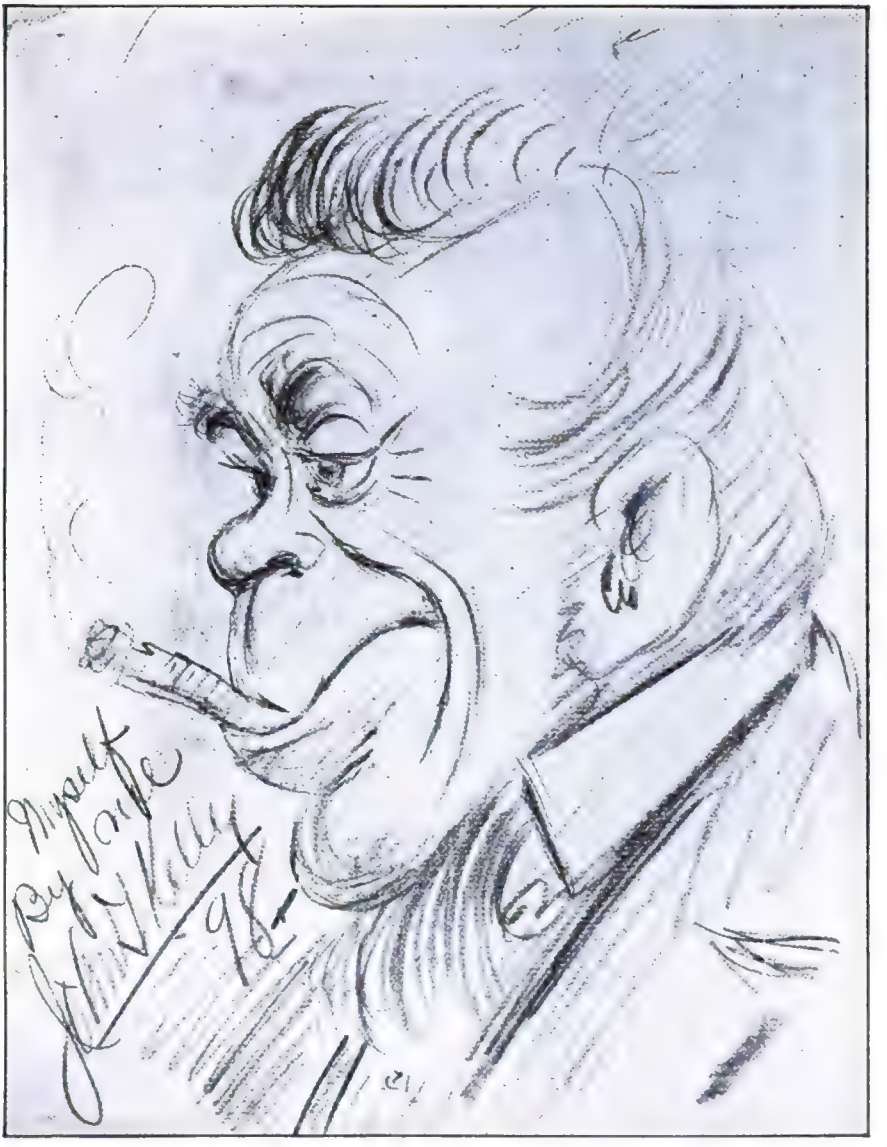

JOHN T. KELLY, BY HIMSELF.
The comedian drew this caricature of his own features in the art room of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. It took him exactly six minutes to complete the sketch.

Don't blame your newsdealer too much if he runs out of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE before you secure your copy. He generally means to do the best he can, and it goes without saying that he will not lose a sale if he can help it. He simply fails to keep up with the procession and to make allowance for the increase each month in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. The mere statement that this publication has increased from 17,000 to 70,000 in six months seems to be sufficient guarantee that we are on the right track. This is also one excuse for the newsdealer who from month to month has run short in his supply within a week or ten days after publication.

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MISS JESSIE WOOD'S PORTRAIT, BY HERSELF.

Miss Wood is the dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Journal* and illustrates her own criticisms in a manner as ingenuous as it is unique.

And, by the way, the BROADWAY MAGAZINE started out modestly. So modestly, in fact, that in six months it outgrew its first quarters, and early in November was obliged to move to new and more spacious offices. While we are firmly of the belief that magazine buyers don't care a rap whether a publication is issued from a hayloft, a vacant lot or a twenty-seven-story building so long as they get their money's worth, we feel a certain amount of pride in the fact that we are enabled to make the foregoing announcement simply because the public has supported us handsomely and made necessary a change in our business home. So when you are in the neighborhood of the Townsend Building, Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway, just come up to the fifth floor and say how do you do, incidentally leaving the money for a year's subscription. We are generally at home and can use that dollar at any hour of the day or night. We have given instructions to the gentlemen who run the elevators not to let any guilty would-be subscriber escape under pain of dismissal. So come up and subscribe often.

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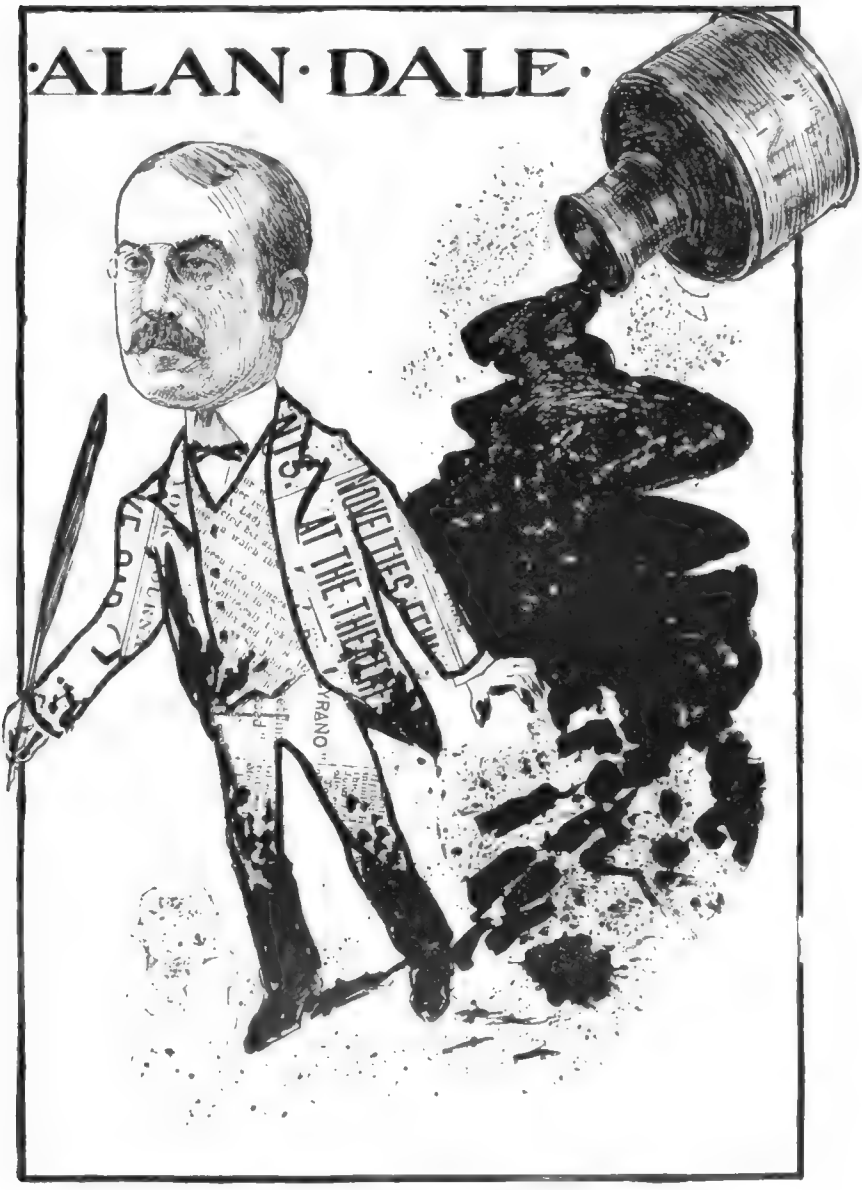

ALAN DALE, DRAMATIC CRITIC OF THE NEW YORK *MORNING JOURNAL*.
Pictured by J. R. Dean.

IN THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

He—I wish I had a gun. Evidently that cat thinks he can sing.

She (*drowsily*)—Very likely. He ate the canary this morning.

MARKED.

Caller—What is that racket upstairs?

Bobby—That's ma dropping a hint to pa.

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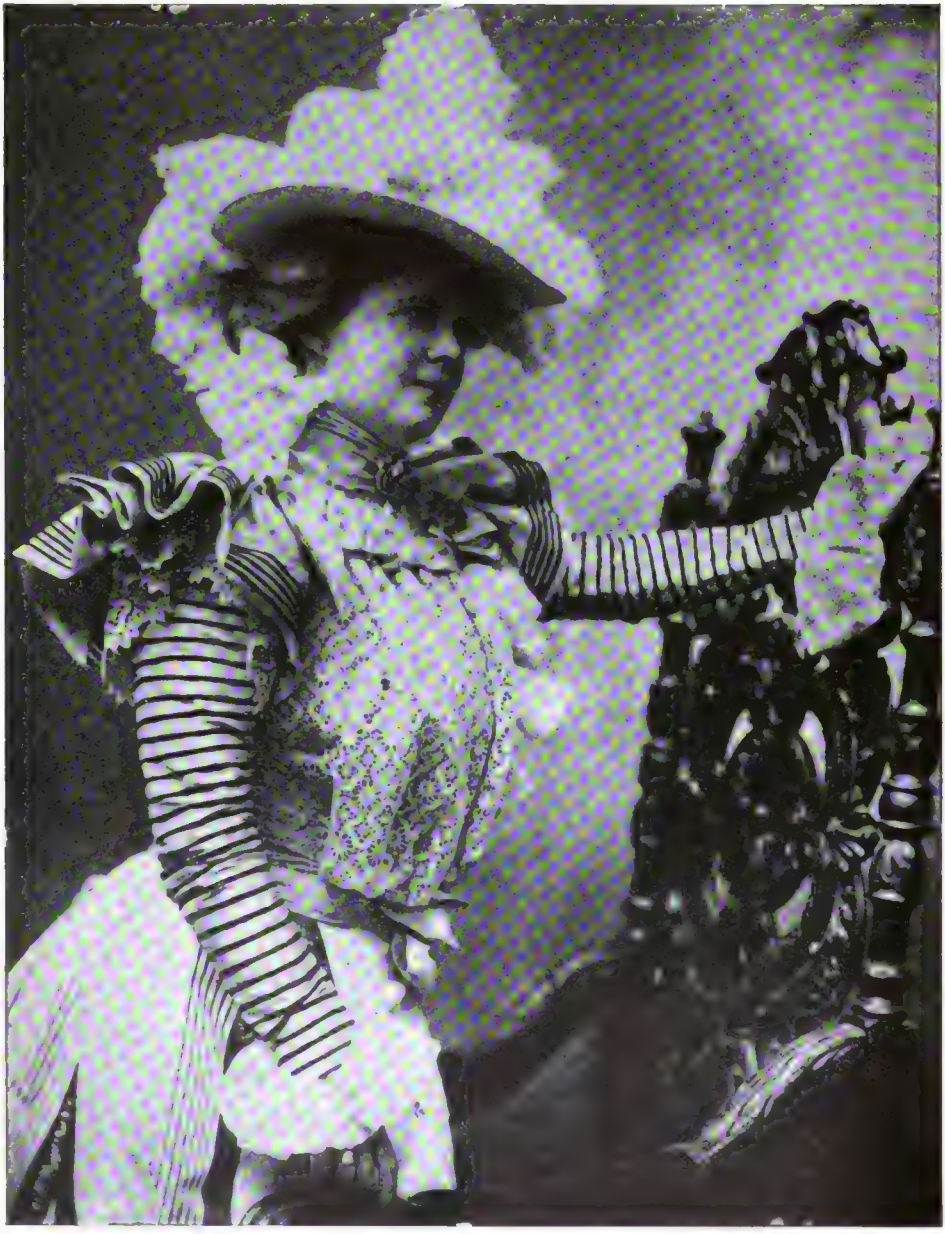

Photo by Aimé Dupont, New York.

MRS. HOWARD GOULD, NEÉ CLEMMONS.

This is the pretty woman who has become the wife of the young millionaire who, in marrying her, stood a good chance of losing $5,000,000 by a provision of his father's will. The two of them evidently made up their minds to struggle along with a few paltry mill'ons.

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BLANCHE WALSH AS CLEOPATRA.

Miss Walsh is Melbourne McDowell's co-star in the late Fanny Davenport's reportoire. This picture is published here for the first time.

HIS OATH.

AMELIA—Swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon.

AUGUSTUS—Then what shall I swear by?

AMELIA—Swear by that which you hold invaluable; something that you cannot live without.

AUGUSTUS—Then, Amelia, I love you! I swear it by my bike.

A SEVERE LOSS.

NIECE—Oh, auntie, how provoking! Some wretch has stolen my purse.

AUNTIE—Mercy, child! Was there much money in it?

NIECE (*sobbing*)—N-no. Only my carfare and the one letter Mr. Softe wrote to me with which I could bring him up for breach of promise if necessary. How dreadfully unlucky!

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BEING A COLLECTION OF BROADWAY SILHOUETTES FROM THE MAIL, THE SHOPS AND HOFFMAN AULIC'S SALON ON WEST THIRTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.

1, David Elmer. 2, F. V. Moody. 3, Virginia Ross. 4, Dean Bailey. 5, Louise Marcelli. 6, Nellette Reed. 7, Edythe. 8, Isabel Gillespie. 9, Grace Houston. 10, Louise Marcelli 11, J. Blackwood. 12, Alberta Gallatin. 13, James Kyle MacCreedy. 14, Frank S. Pixley. 15, Bud Myers. 16, Helen Brown-Potter. 17, O. J. Griffin. 18, Mrs. Jennie Gold-mith. 18, Cloy St. John. 20, Mabel Dixey. 21, Virginia Harned. 22, Marjorie Relyea. 23, Jennie Prager. 24, T. E. Saunders. 25, Helen Corette. 26, Flora West. 27, Dorothy Usner. 28, Milzenia Hebuing. 29, Ogden Stevens. 31, Jennie Prager. 32, Harry Easelstych. 32, Just Blanche and Alice. 33, Edward Dean, Jr., and James MacAuliffe.

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From charcoal sketch by E. M. Du Bois.

"AMERICANS AS A NATION LOVE DANCING."

VIDE—*New York Sun.*

MUST HAVE DONE WITHOUT.

PROFESSOR (*lecturing*)—Oxygen, gentlemen, is essential to all animal existence; there could be no life without it, Strange to say, it was not discovered until a century ago, when——

STUDENT—What did they do before it was discovered, professor?

KIND.

MAGISTRATE—What is this I hear, Clancy, about you having broken Rogan's head last night, and you two bosom friends for years?

CLANCY—Oi wos compilled to do ut, yure honor; but out av consideration for that same fri'ndship Oi broke ut gintly.

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DOROTHY SHERROD HAS HER BEAR PHOTOGRAPHED.

HIS BEARSHIP IS INCLINED TO HAVE ONLY HIS BACK TAKEN.

MISS SHERROD REASONS WITH HIM AND FINALLY—

SIMILAR.

GAYMAN—This is a great day with us at home. My daughter comes out to-night.

DUMLEY—You don't say so! So does my brother. He's been in for seven years.

INEXPERIENCED.

EDITOR (*sternly*)—What do you mean by heading this item, "A Slight Accident on the Car Track."

REPORTER—Why, the man wasn't hurt.

EDITOR—Never mind, sir; head it "Under the Juggernaut's Wheels." I'm afraid you'll never do for the newspaper business.

From snapshots by Ross Hopkins, Denver.

THIS IS THE WAY THEY LOOKED WHEN THE CAMERA SAID "CLICK."

TOO SOON.

TRAVELER (*in haste*)—Am I in time for the next train to Mudbank.

STATION MAN—Plenty of time, sir—10.50 to-morrow morning.

CURIOUS.

HAWKINS—She waived her umbrella and caught his eye.

SMITHERS—Did it put the eye out?

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

ENGLISHMAN—Ah, I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets.

AMERICAN—And I belong to a country of which there is no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it.

ONLY.

"Is it swearing to call a man a 'blooming fool'?"

"No; only flowery language."

DESCRIBED.

"What a big mouth Miss Gapp has!"

"Yes; I should call it a good opening for a dentist."

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TALES OF BROADWAY.

No. IX.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY. AN EPISODE.

By GORDON PALMER.

It was a pretty face. The hair was long, the mouth most sensitive and the eyes as soft as those of a fawn. The cheeks were perhaps a trifle too hollow, but that might have been due to a hurried application of make-up. Many a pair of male eyes during the closing chorus remained fixed on this slight girlish figure in a short dress and natty hat that seemed the embodiment of flippant gayety. With the rest of the company she went through the closing chorus, while her voice, sweet though somewhat weak, sang the last bars of the opera's finale, "All's Well That Ends Well."

Then to the dressing-room and to reality. Under the little piece of glass that served as a mirror lay an envelope addressed to Miss Belle Jackson. The girl picked up the envelope and broke it open with an indefinable fear at her heart. The note was short. It said simply that owing to some changes in the piece, Miss Jackson's services would no longer be required, and further added that she had drawn her salary in advance and there was nothing more due her. The fingers crunched the paper convulsively, but there were no tears. There are times when nature does not allow even this feminine privilege.

"Many a pair of male eyes remained fixed on this slight girlish figure that seemed to be the embodiment of flippant gayety."

In a few moments the girl was dressed for the street. Only for a moment did she glance in the piece of glass. She was almost startled by the hopeless look in her eyes. Then she went out into the dimly-lighted passage that led to the street. Just before she got there, one of the boys from the front of the house met her with a beautiful bunch of lilies of the valley.

"These are for you, Miss Jackson," said he, handing them to her. "They were left at the box office by a young fellow who looked like a swell. He said they were for the third girl in the first row, and I knew he meant you." Then, for the first time he noticed something strange in her face. "Are you sick, Miss Jackson?" he said, with boyish kindness.

She shook her head.

"No, John," she answered. "Only, I have been discharged."

He understood her well. He had seen it often enough before.

"I am so sorry; perhaps if you speak to the manager"—but he knew she understood how useless it would be, and when she said, "Thank you," with that sweet, sad smile of hers, he could only look after her figure as it passed out of the door and say under his breath, "It's a damned shame."

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Belle did not take a car for the very simple reason that she could not afford the luxury of a ride. She walked along in the cool December night in her faded little brown jacket and her poor, mended shoes, holding in her hopeless way the magnificent bunch of flowers that would have been a ransom for a dozen such as she. Straight she walked towards the West side from Broadway, leaving behind its bright lights and false gayety. Across Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues she went, not pausing for an instant until she reached the poor-looking block running from Ninth to Tenth avenues. Then she hesitated.

"What shall I do?" she said, standing on the corner in the bleak air looking about her in a blind sort of way, as if seeking for some light. "I told Little Sis I should bring her something nice, and I have nothing but these," and she held the white flowers in front of her. Their incense almost made her sick.

Then she felt an almost irresistible impulse to throw them on the ground and stamp on them as if they were something accursed.

"Nothing but these," she said again, bitterly; "and, great God, it's bread she wants—bread! bread!" and the cry came as a requiem. But no one heard.

Then once more, with clenched fists, almost breaking the stems of the delicate flowers, she walked down the block, finally halting in front of a great brick building that seemed as cold and cheerless as the December night itself. With a final effort she dragged herself up the steps and through the main hallway. At the top of the first steps she halted again. How could she go on? How could she smile and laugh and look happy for that other one, when she had nothing to offer—not even bread?

Then on, on, she went, through the dark halls up to the very top, finally pausing in front of a doorway.

What was it that choked her throat and grasped her heart and almost made her stop breathing? She knocked at the door; first a weak, timid little knock, then a hard, frightened, sharp knock. Still no reply. She took a key out of her pocket and unlocked the door, and, as she passed in, called out, "Little Sis! Little Sis! Didn't you hear me knock? Do you feel worse to-night?" Then, as she thought of the flowers—"Sis, dear, see what I have brought you." The darkness and the quiet frightened her.

"Little Sis! Little Sis!" she cried louder and louder. "Where are you, girl, where are you?" She was sobbing now. Why did she not answer? Blindly groping she went into the one small bedroom and tiptoed over to the bed. She would not awaken the poor tired thing. Let her sleep.

In the semi-darkness she could see the white face and beautiful hair against the pillow. One small, thin arm and wasted hand lay outside the coverlet.

She caught up the hand and would have pressed it to her lips. But it was cold.

Cold as the touch of the night. Cold in a way that sent the blood from her lips, made her breath stop. The other hand she placed lightly on the forehead of that poor tired face.

Cold—oh, so cold!

Reverently she put the hand she held back again upon the coverlet, and taking up the flowers she had dropped, placed them reverently on the bosom of the sleeping girl.

"See, Little Sis," she whispered, so softly that only the angels heard. "See, dear, what I have brought you. See, Little Sis, they are white, like you."

And then, in the still darkness of the room, she dropped to her knees and, burying her face in her hands, asked God to take her, too.

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ANOTHER ARCHIE GUNN POSTER.

Made in three colors for Augustin Daly's latest production "The Runaway Girl." Reproduced from the original drawing.

SYMPATHY.

HE—Wonderful shot, that of Henry's! Why, he hit the bull's-eye nine times in succession yesterday!

SHE—Yes, but just think of the sufferings of that poor bull! Men are such brutes.

HIS QUERY.

"I hate to bother you, Pop; but, really, I'd like to know——"

"Well, what?"

"How it happens that baby fish don't get drowned before they've learned to swim."

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SA-AY, honest, now, were you very much surprised when you heard that Kathrine Clemmons had become Mrs. Howard Gould?

I wasn't.

Friends of both Miss Clemmons and Mr. Gould have understood pretty well for the past year that they were going to get married, and that nothing less than a cyclone could prevent it. Personally, I think that Howard Gould is the most decent sort of a fellow. It must have taken an awful lot of bravery for him to have told the whole world to go to thunder, and then made the woman of his choice the sharer of all his joys, sorrows and millions.

I've seen a few of the high-flying old girls of real society, and there's not one of them who would look finer or more like the real thing than the present Mrs. Howard Gould. I'll bet that when she makes her appearance in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, as I suppose she will, there won't be another woman there who will be half as stunning. Howard Gould, of course, has been called a fool by those people who always think it is the woman's fault, and who don't believe there is such a thing as manliness in the make-up of the average gadabout of every-day life. I must admit that it is somewhat unusual for a man to do the right thing in a case like this, and for that very reason I feel for Howard Gould the most sincere admiration.

And here's to the young couple who can afford to laugh at what the world says, so long as they are happy themselves.

* * *

I SAW "Sporting Life" the other day for the first time.

Sa-ay, maybe Elita Proctor Otis isn't about the greatest adventuress of the season.

I used to think that dear old Rose Coghlan, who is quite plump now and who doesn't look a bit devilish, was the best stage adventuress in America. Now I've switched over to Elita Proctor Otis.

In "Sporting Life" Elita is bad all the way through. There isn't a moment when she's not trying to make love to some man in the cast. Let me tell you right now that they're a pretty good-looking lot, too. She is married o a man who's about the most unjealous thing I ever saw. Only once does he break loose a little, and then you couldn't really blame him, as she has contrived to make a fool of a young cub and made an appointment at the Hotel Cecil, London, with the sporty *Lord Woodstock*, who is handsome, too, because he is played by William Courtleigh.

Mrs. De Carteret—that's Otis, you know—is a pretty bad lot, as can be seen when she tries to win back her old love in that Hotel Cecil room in a manner that would certainly be successful in real life. If ever there was a siren, it's Elita when she sits down opposite *Lord Woodstock* on a couch, parts her sensuous lips, flashes her eyes on the victim and reminds him in soft, low, tender accents of the time they were lovers on board his yacht in the Mediterranean, when the music played, the moon shone and all was well.

When I was going out of the Academy of Music, I heard a pretty little woman with black hair and snapping eyes remark to her companion: "Ain't she terrible! I wouldn't trust even Jack with her a minute."

And she wasn't fooling, either.

* * *

WHILE talking about women who try to win the love of a man I shouldn't forget Elsie de Wolfe in "Catherine" at the Garrick Theatre.

No wonder that the *Duke De Coutras*, played by the handsome Frank Worthing, forgot himself and his wife.

Hélène, by Elsie de Wolfe, is going away and is bidding good by to the husband, the *Duke*, whom she has always loved. She tells him of her love, and after an impassioned and very thrilling scene throws her arms around his neck and between fervid kisses asks for "just one hour of your life." Then enters Annie Russell as *Catherine*, the *Duke's* wife. As she

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isn't very much of a fool, she catches on in a jiffy and indignantly says, "Very well, but not for one hour; you may be his mistress for ever." All of which is a cinch for *Hélène* as she goes down stage, throws out one nice white arm and almost shrieks, "Very well, I accept him."

There's a situation for you and one that fairly catches the audience by storm.

Of course, the *Duke* doesn't go, but I wouldn't have blamed him if he had. Annie Russell is a sweet little woman, of course, but

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ADELAIDE, THE DANCER, WATCHING HER SALARY GO UP.

She is the diminutive tripper who has been so prominent in productions at the Casino, New York.

DESIGN FOR A POSTER ADVERTISING ONE OF THE COMING PUBLIC BALLS IN NEW YORK.

Reproduced from original drawing by James Clarke Finney.

when it comes to a question of seductiveness, she isn't one two with Elsie de Wolfe.

* * *

SA-AY, didn't I tell you that when "Abe" Hummell became a benedict, the whole town would rise up in arms and a howl of protest would be heard along Broadway? While I haven't heard anything new in that direction and have not been able to verify the rumor that came to me, the following extract from a letter that I have just received is highly interesting:

"Who told you that 'Abe' Hummell was to be married? Don't you believe it. He is having altogether too pleasant a time as it is without settling down into a staid old married man. I saw him at the theatre when Tom

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and I were there the other night, and from his smile and the gladsome way in which he bowed right and left in his usual happy manner, I could see that there was nothing so serious on his mind as matrimony. And you can bet, my dear 'Sou,' that when a man does contemplate marriage, he is bound to look serious. If you don't believe it, ask Tom."

* * *

NOTICE to the young man with the red hair and the padded shoulders:

Your dear mama may give you more money than you can spend, but it won't cut much of a figure if a certain Wall Street man discovers your little game. I would advise a sudden trip to Europe and an indefinite stay there—alone.

* * *

EDWARD J. MORGAN, the first *John Storm* of "The Christian" has rapidly become one of the idols of Broadway.

I give fair warning to everyone, however, that Mr. Morgan is a happy married man. He is one of the few sensible matinee heroes I know.

I don't blame the women, however, for falling in love with "Jack" Morgan. In the first place, he is certainly a handsome fellow, and even if he were not, his voice is so fine and he's so distinctly well bred that he would be charming even with the handicap of a Cyrano.

However, give up all hope. He is constancy itself. By the way, you know his wife, of course? She was pretty Adelaide Cushman and a rather clever girl in her way.

* * *

AUBREY BOUCICAULT, let me tell you, is becoming one of the tiresome young men of the town.

Aubrey, who has soulful eyes and an æsthetic personality, has considerable of his father's cleverness, but he is such an affected little devil that I lose patience with him.

In "Hotel Topsy Turvy" he is the most tiresome youngster I have seen in many a day, and the fact that at almost every performance at least a hundred giddy young things smile upon him and gush over him between the acts, does not make him any the less objectionable.

Aubrey, I believe, made a very good match when he married, and so far as I know he

BAD ACTOR—Many a time my poor old father begged me not to become an actor.
MISS KNOWING—You promised and kept your word, didn't you, Mr. Millerdrew?

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makes a most excellent husband. But that's no excuse for his acting like a silly youngster of kindergarten training.

* * *

SOME nights ago I saw Kate Rolla in a box at the Herald Square Theatre. There's a woman who positively refuses to grow old. I am not mean enough to say that she has to try very hard to still be one of us, but we all know it is some years since Kate made her hit, and there are twelve months in the year for her as well as for the rest of us.

She looked particularly well, I thought, and the way she smiled down on Aubrey Boucicault was noticed by more than one person in the house.

* * *

WHEN Acton Davies told us sometime ago in the columns of the *Evening Sun* about the temporary departure to private life of the wife of a well-known star, he probably thought he had a big secret all to himself.

Please let me fool him. I happen to know who she is, and I don't blame her husband a bit for being a little nervous under the circumstances.

I wonder, by the way, if his standing as a matinee hero will change when a cute little boy or girl calls him papa.

* * *

I WAS up at Shanley's sometime ago with a party of young people, both men and girls, not connected at all with the stage and who thought they were real gay because they were out after twelve and dallied with some lobster a la Newburg. At a nearby table sat a flashily dressed young woman with bleached hair, rouged cheeks and a horrible red dress that should have been suppressed by the police. She was talking in a very loud tone of voice, and after the third bottle had been discussed by herself and the cheap looking dry-goods clerk with her, became very candid in her remarks about the other diners and proceeded to make herself as objectionable as some women can on such occasions.

Said a young slip of a girl of our party, "Isn't she horrid! I suppose she is one of those loud actresses."

I did get mad, I admit. It took me about one minute to make that girl feel foolish and to let her and the rest of our table know that the loud-mouthed thing in red was a notorious woman about town who had never been on the stage in her life. I also incidentally remarked that women of the stage, whether, just like other women, they are good, bad or indifferent, are not in the habit of getting full in public, and generally show better taste than to go out to dinner with dry-goods clerks. At which at least one of the men in our party winced, and I knew I had struck home.

But doesn't it make you tired?

* * *

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

DON'T let me deceive you.

This paragraph will not have any particular point. I am writing it simply because the editor has told me that he has commissioned the artist to draw a number of pictures of me in various unconventional attitudes. The Lord knows I am unconventional enough, and nobody has ever accused me of being too fond of proprieties. For that reason I don't see why I shouldn't let those pictures be run through this paragraph, and afford an honest, but not wealthy, artist the opportunity of making a few more dollars. If, therefore, he chooses to make me dining on the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria with my legs hanging over the edge, here goes; and if he insists on making me drink champagne, when I prefer beer, and doing a whole lot of other things, which are picturesque without being truthful. I'll grin and bear it.

THE RED SOUBRETTE.

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HE—Of course you will hang up your stocking to be filled on Christmas.
SHE—I don't need to. It's already well filled, thanks.

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Photograph by Marceau, San Francisco.
Plain Mildred.

Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.
Leonore Harris.

Copyright, 1898, by B. J. Falk, N. Y.
Elsie Leslie.

Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.
Madge Lessing.

Photograph by Kriwaneck, Vienna.
Pauline Neuman.

"PEEPING THROUGH THE DOOR."

A NEW GAME FOR THE PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

You don't even need a door. Just have your picture taken, send it to the First Associate of the Ninth Assistant Art Editor of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE and he will do the rest.

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

"Mamma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?"

"No; don't be ridiculous!"

"Well, Uncle Tom said he was going to Denver for his lungs."

WHY HE CHANGED.

WIFE—What makes you so determined to go to Klondike? A week ago you were very much against it.

HUSBAND—But the baby wasn't teething then.

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A NEW SENSATIONAL ACT FOR VAUDEVILLE.

THREE SCENES FROM A SKETCH IN WHICH ANNIE SUTHERLAND AND HELEN HORNMANN ARE FEATURED. THERE IS A QUARREL OVER ONE MUTUALLY ADORED, DURING WHICH THEY MANAGE TO REACH A STATE OF UNDRESS TRULY STARTLING.

(Illustrated with photographs by J. Schloss, New York.)

No. I.

ANNIE SUTHERLAND. HELEN HORNMANN.

Miss Sutherland taunts Helen Hornmann about the man with the black moustache. They become exceedingly angry and—

No. II.

by this time they have made up their minds to fight a duel. In order to do so, they deem it necessary to divest themselves of considerable clothing, as shown above. Then they are ready for business, and as you can see—

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Wide Open.

Queer things are said about New York,
I vow—I vow;
'Twas said she once was on the pork,
But now—but now
They bring a charge
That's rather large
And makes us cry: "Gee whiz!"
In point of fact,
To be exact,
They say that New York is
Wide open!

Wide open—wide open—
They say New York's wide open!
Each wild reforming son of a gun
Says places that we ought to shun
Are now, dear me, for every one
Wide open!

The reverend Parkhurst is, I wot,
Quite full—quite full
Of deep-dyed wrath at those who've got
A pull—a pull.
He yells and shrieks
For days and weeks
At East, West, North and South,
But goes the game
On just the same—
Which keeps that parson's mouth
Wide open!

Wide open—wide open—
He keeps that mouth wide open!
It wearies and exhausts us, but
In spite of friendly "tut-tut-tut!"
He holds that mouth, instead of shut,
Wide open!

A damsel once was strolling through
The street—the street;
Her winsome face, and figure, too,
Were sweet—were sweet.
A loathsome dude
In manner rude
Some cheeky nonsense said,
When her to cheer,
A copper near
'Most broke that dudelet's head
Wide open!

Wide open—wide open—
His jaw, too, dropped wide open!
The copper's stick came down like hail;
With pain and fright the dude turned pale,
And soon for him he saw a jail
Wide open!

A seat once in a little game
I had—I had;
The cards, well, rather poor ones came—
'Twas sad—'twas sad.
A "jack" came round,
And then I found
Some good ones I had got,
For I had pat
A "full," whereat
I broke that johnny-pot
Wide open!

Wide open wide open—
I broke that pot wide open!
But some one else had aces four,
And with my pile and bills galore
His cold feet made straight for the door
Wide open!

How sweet to court the gracious maid
You love—you love!
She seems so gentle and so staid
A dove—a dove!
But when you're wed
She shakes her head
And gives you a surprise;
She rules, ecod,
You with a rod—
'Tis then you find your eyes
Wide open!

Wide open—wide open—
Your optics now are open!
In days of old you deemed her shy,
And wondered at her downcast eye,
But now her wings she's spread to fly
Wide open!

The MAGAZINE that's called BROADWAY
Which you—which you
Are holding in your hand to-day
To view—to view
Is one, of course,
Which you'll endorse
As "greatest ever seen!"
The breast it heaves
When you the leaves
Throw of this MAGAZINE
Wide open!

Wide open—wide open—
The pages throw wide open!
The BROADWAY so doth interest
That heaves the palpitating breast—
In fact, you have to throw your vest
Wide open!

PERCIVAL PASH.

GAUGED.

HUSBAND (*over the stairs*)—Agnes, will you send me up some ice water?

WIFE—Which was it last night, "Detained at the office," or "A friend at the club?"

HUSBAND—Why?

WIFE—Because I don't know whether you want a tumbler or a pailful.

LUGUBRIOUS.

"Did you complete the story you were at work on?"

"Yes," replied the littérateur.

"You were in doubt as to its conclusion. Did it have a happy or unhappy ending?"

"Unhappy. The editor refused to print it."

No. III.

they start in, Miss Sutherland leading in a truly belligerent manner. But ease your minds. They leave the theatre entirely intact. But it's exciting while it lasts.

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A TRANQUIL MOMENT ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.
Drawn with fidelity for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, after the artist had crossed the street without losing his job.

Gin Fizzes and Things.

HORATIO HARPER AND THAT SEELEY DINNER.—I am inclined to think that Horatio Harper, one of the thirteen little Harper Brothers, felt that he had made a mistake in publishing that article on the wide-openness of New York, when he read Richard Croker's denunciation of him as a hypocrite who didn't practice what he preached. You will remember that a young man on *Harper's Weekly* wrote for that paper a thrillingly picturesque story of New York in which he tried to prove that Tammany had turned the city upside down and made it a veritable hotbed of vice. Then Mr. Croker took the matter in hand and made a few sarcastic rejoinders, among which was the statement that Horatio Harper, one of the aforesaid thirteen little Harper Brothers, had been a prominent figure at the famous, or infamous, Seeley Dinner, at which Little Egypt and other ultra-refined artists were guests of honor. Horatio Harper, who is somewhat of a swell, and a pretty decent fellow at that, has been unmercifully guyed by his friends ever since.

A WELL KNOWN BROADWAY CLUBMAN.

JIM METCALFE IN FULL CHARGE OF *Life*.—A great many people were surprised when Jim Metcalfe, one of the breeziest feuilletonists on the New York press, had again taken complete editorial charge of New York *Life*. For years Metcalfe has been a constant and valuable contributor to *Life* and for a long time was editor of the paper, but some years ago there arose some kind of a misunderstanding and Metcalfe got out and free-lanced. The breach has

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been healed, however, and, for good business reasons, which those who follow weekly journalism have been quick to understand, he has again assumed full control. Tom Masson, who has been editor for a couple of years, has not, I believe, severed his connection with

WHERE'S THE GIRL?

From pen-and-ink drawing by Penrhyn Stanlaws, a young artist who has lately come to the front.

Life, but will continue in the editorial department.

THE ASTORS AND SHANLEYS AS PARTNERS.—It is not generally known that the Astors are the backers of Shanleys, who are to Broadway what Sherry and Delmonico are to Fifth Avenue. The only difference between them is that Shanley makes nearly as much money as the other two put together. The land occupied by the upper Shanley establishment is worth its weight in gold, provided, of course, you don't dig down too far. The buildings and decorations themselves cost the biggest kind of a fortune. The place, however, is coining money, and both the Astors and Shanleys are making a smart dividend on their investment. This combination of common interest is a rather odd one, I admit, but there is eminent satisfaction on both sides.

The Waiters Union, by the way, intends to take up this Shanley matter at its next meeting. By actual count, forty-four Shanley brothers have already arrived on these shores, and it is said that sixteen more are ready to come over when the head of the house drops his hat. The matter will be referred to the immigration authorities and an effort made to keep the balance of this happy family out of New York. In the meantime, the Shanleys mind their own business and continue to saw wood.

THE OLD METROPOLE AND SOME FACTS ABOUT IT.—There have been a whole lot of rumors about a change of management in the Hotel Metropole, one of Broadway's most famous hostelries. Notwithstanding positive statements by some newspapers, I believe that there will be no radical change in the present management for sometime to come. The Metropole is one of the most popular hotels in New York, and has a distinct following of its own. It is a great resort for horsemen and the better class of men-about-town. Jake Hess, who owns the cigar stand in the café, heads the list of jolly politicians who make the Metropole their headquarters, and such well-known horsemen as "Pittsburgh Phil," the Thompson brothers and others equally well known are to be found there when there is racing on in the vicinity of New York. That rare old gamecock, "Charley" Reed, occasionally drops in, too, although all the king's horses couldn't tear

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him away from the Hoffman House for any great length of time. The Metropole is much frequented by such well-known newspaper men as Leander Richardson, "Freddie" McKay, Hillary Bell, and others who are well-known in theatrical circles. As for the players, at times they are as thick as seeds in a watermelon. The bar of the Metropole is one of the best paying in New York City. The Metropole is a godsend to New York reporters that are after Broadway news, and more beats have been hatched up in the carpeted café than in any other room on the street.

DOROTHY USNER SHOULD MAKE GOOD.—Somebody who has seen Dorothy Usner out West tells me that she has really made a big hit out there. I wish she would come and make it on Broadway. Miss Usner is one of these unfortunate women who has managed to convince

Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.

RICHARD MANSFIELD, AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC, IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

As he appears with *Roxane's* letter in the last act just before his death.

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"OUR 'APPY LITTLE 'UDSON RIVER 'OME."

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THE OTHER ONE.
An Eody Circus Girl.

TWO EDDY GIRLS.

They are the handiwork of H. B. Eddy, a young New York artist, whose girls have won the admiration of baldheads and those who are not shiny as to pate. Mr. Eddy's girls are decidedly huggable.

A WHEEL GIRL OF THE BOULEVARD.

everybody in New York that she is mighty clever. Half a dozen times she has threatened to break out on Broadway and show what she could do, but something has always interfered with her plans and New York has been left in dense ignorance of her exact abilities. She came to me jubilantly last Winter and imparted the information that she was understudying the part of the doll in "La Poupee" and that she would probably play it on the road. I was immediately consumed with a glowing excitement. Here at last was a chance to prove to my friends that I was right in telling them that Miss Usner was one of America's greatest actresses. Then along came Mr. Hammerstein with his production of "La Poupee" which served to mark one of the most brilliant failures along the road of his extremely checkered theatrical career, and once again Miss Usner met with dire disappointment. She refused to get thin over worriment, however, and just before she left New York to make her hit she was as smiling and unruffled as ever. Now in justice to Miss Usner and to me I insist that she take the Chicago Limited strike Broadway fairly

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and squarely and justify my assertions in the eyes of my friends. They are growing rebellious and will refuse much longer to be fed on expectancy.

HAMMERSTEIN ON TOP AGAIN.—Talking of Hammerstein, by the way, is a reminder that once again and in very short order we shall see him as the manager of a New York theatre. I passed the corner of Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue a few days ago and there stood Mr. Hammerstein with his remarkable straight-brimmed hat cocked jauntily on the side of his head, his hands joined together between the coat tails of his cutaway and a cigar in his mouth; ever and anon he gave interjectional instructions to the men who were overseeing the excavation for his new playhouse. It reminded me forcibly of the same man and the same hat with the same cigar and the same interjections as I had known them only one block away when the magnificient Olympia was rearing its head to the astonished gaze of New Yorkers.

I have the greatest respect and admiration in the world for Oscar Hammerstein. I am glad that he is going to have another theatre and enter once more into the managerial field. I am equally glad that he isn't giving his imitation of Phœnix with my money. Hammerstein is a man of prodigious energy, splendid determination and remarkable tenacity. He is possessed of a fine courage and an independence and progressiveness at times positively dazzling, but he apparently lacks the one great and absolutely necessary qualification in a manager—good judgment. Even while admiring the man I have often deplored his execrable taste in the the selection of a programme. If he had made Olympia twice as magnificent and twice as costly it would have been impossible to have made money by adhering to the policy which he persisted in following. I have seen in the splendid music hall of Olympia performances which were as deadly dull and stupidly silly as anything ever given under the roof of a New York theatre. At the Olympia were numbers that would not have been tolerated at Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre; and as for the afterpieces or sketches or whatever name could be applied to the awful olla-podrida that was sandwiched in here and there during the evening, words fail to express the inanity and mawkishness, exasperating and pointless silliness of the awful rubbish. Therefore it was not surprising that New York did not flock to Olympia in paying numbers. They much preferred going to a less pretentious house like Weber's and Fields' where for the same money they could pass an enjoyable evening and see the curtain fall with some degree of regret.

Moral: Let Oscar Hammerstein manage the financial end of his new theatre, but engage an amusement caterer who knows what Broadway wants, and the name of Hammerstein will once more become an important factor in American theatricals.

SONG PUBLISHERS BRANCHING OUT.—I wouldn't be surprised to see the song publishers of New York, who of late years have been showing unusual signs of remarkable prosperity, branch out as the florists and dry-goods houses have done. For years one of the features of the florist business has been the oriental magnificence of the delivery wagons owned by the various firms. If I make no mistake, Thorley, who has a magnificent place in the old Coleman House block, was about the first to start the ball a-rolling, but the others called him in handsome style. Fleischman in the Hoffman House, Small & Son and Scallen, further up on Broadway, have been the most prodigal in this respect. One week we would see a Thorley wagon resplendent in gold trimmings and uniformed driver. The next week Fleischman would follow suit with a vehicle of such magnificent pretentiousness as to be almost indescribable, and in which plate glass, hand painted panels, liveried driver and footman and splendidly caparisoned horses were a part of the Arabian Nights outfit. Then a few of the others would have their say, and before they got through a man could go in and order twenty-five cents worth of pinks and have them delivered by an

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Photograph by Stebbing, Paris.

MME. DERIEKE TICKLED TO DEATH TO MEET YOU.

She looks that way, at any rate. She is a young burlesque of the French Capital and her pictures are in great demand.

outfit that dazzled the eye and turned the brain. Then the dry-goods houses started in to combine beauty and splendor with utility, and now they bid fair to outrival the florists.

Of late I have seen two or three very promising wagons owned by song publishing houses. They are as yet unpretentious, but I am quite sure that it is only the beginning of the end. Howley, Haviland & Co. own a smart little affair on the side of which is emblazoned the names of their magazine "Ev'ry Month," and of some of the late song hits, among which I note in touching display that beautiful classic by Paul Dresser: "On the Banks of the Wabash."

Stern & Co. have also a little trap drawn by a couple of ponies, and I believe that Witmark & Son will also be in the field soon.

The staid old conservative houses like Ditson & Co., Wm. A. Pond & Co., Schirmer & Co. and White, Smith & Co., all but the latter on Broadway, do not, of course, enter into this intense rivalry.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

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1. LEFT FOOT JAW HIT.

Harsh soaker in the ruby lips.

2. HIT AND CROSS-COUNTER IN THE TRUNK.

3. STOP HIT. Ah, there!

4. A REGULAR T'RUN DOWN.

But a retaliatory whack from the tootsies.

HOW TWO FRENCHMEN BOX.

We shall see these sprightly gentlemen in a New York music hall before long.

CONTENTED.

"Frisbie is the laziest man I ever knew."

"What makes you think so?"

He actually seems to be glad that he's getting bald-headed, so that he won't have to comb his hair any more."

NOTHING AT ALL.

"That tenor of ours has a marvellous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute."

"Shucks! I've held one of his notes for two years."

STRONG INDEED.

MRS. BUDDS—Mrs. Cromer is a woman of remarkable strength of mind.

MRS. JUDDS—Is she.

MRS. BUDDS—Yes. She never buys anything she don't want.

A MORAL EFFECT.

"Have you caught that murderer yet?"

"No," replied the detective; "we haven't caught him. But we've got him so scared that he doesn't dare to show himself when we're around."

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Copyright, 1898, by Falk, New York.

RAY DOUGLASS AND A NEW PAIR OF BLACK KIDS.
They're here; you can see them for yourself. Miss Douglass can tell you all about them if she will.

ONE TROUBLE ENOUGH.

"A man in Boston has got himself into trouble by marrying two wives."

"That is nothing. Many a man in this town has got into sufficient trouble through marrying only one."

Photograph by Sarony, New York.
John Drew in "The Liars."

Photograph by Ye Rose Studio, Prov., R. I.
Jameson Lee Finney in "The Liars."

Photograph by Eddowes Bros., New York.
Elita Proctor Otis in "Sporting Life."

Photograph by Pach Bros., New York.
Mary Mannering of the Lyceum Company.

NEW PICTURES OF WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS IN NEW PRODUCTIONS.

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Mrs. Bezazerine gave a mauve dinner last night, to which a lot of rich people were invited. I declined on the plea of dyspepsia, but I heard a good deal about it. Miss Birdie Pinkeye came in an opera-cloak and a new pair of shoes. When she removed the opera-cloak there were murmurs of admiration. George Upperlip, the well-known cotillon leader, was desirous of wearing a pair of trousers made of the same cloth as his overcoat. When he found that his tailor hadn't enough to spare he decided not to wear any trousers at all. His appearance at the table was the subject of many refined jests from Plauncy Poohpooh, the famous wag.

The marriage of Miss Patty Butter and Mr. Plater Beanes was solemnized at the residence of the bride's mother last Tuesday. At the reception that followed, one of the guests, George B. George, caused some consternation by expressing his contempt of the groom because the latter wore a white vest. Mr. George also accused Mr. Beanes of wearing a hired dress-suit, and on being remonstrated with, exclaimed, "Well, why should I behave myself? What am I getting out of this?" Patrick Clubber, the well-known and popular policeman on the beat, removed the obstructive Mr. George after some persuasion. J. J.

VANDER WEYDE'S "NEWS-PHOTOGRAPHY."

By CHAUNCEY MONTGOMERY M'GOVERN.

"VANDER WEYDE? Why, who is this chap Vander Weyde, anyhow?"

This question has been asked many times by people in all parts of America who read the up-to-date illustrated daily, weekly, and monthly publications that call New York City their home. One can scarcely pick up two consecutive copies of progressive newspapers like the *World* and *Journal*, *The Illustrated American*, *Harper's Weekly* or *Munsey's Magazine* without seeing on one or more of the most absorbing pictures the legend, "Copyright by Vander Weyde."

These words are never found on a "slow" picture. The legend always guarantees that the subject of the picture is one in

WILLIAM MANLEY VANDER WEYDE,
"News-Photographer."

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Photograph by Schloss, New York.

YVONNE DE TREVILLE.

Whose remarkable name does not prevent her from using her voice in the ranks of the Castle Square Opera Company, at the American Theatre, New York.

which the people have a vital interest.

The gentleman in question is William Manley Vander Weyde. No doubt, countless people will say, "That information is no information," for so extreme is the modesty of Mr. Vander Weyde that outside of a limited coterie of working journalists he has never pushed his own personality forward, although in his twelve years of continuous residence in New York City he has ably filled some of its choicest journalistic berths.

Mr. Vander Weyde's department in photography is one of his own invention. When the progressive newspapers began to devote so much attention to illustrating from photographs a year or two ago, Mr. Vander Weyde was pained to see that while the articles were of the mind-absorbing character, the photographs as a rule were of the dull, haphazard style.

Mr. Vander Weyde, being a photographer in an amateur way himself, resigned his position as a writer and struck out for the new field of "News-Photography," and his success, though constantly on the increase, was assured from the very first.

There were other reasons besides his journalistic experience why Mr. Vander Weyde's "News-Photography" should have met with its wide public approbation. From each of three celebrated ancestors he has inherited one distinct talent. His

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Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston, Mass.

ELEANOR KENT, A YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAS HELPED TO MAKE E. E. RICE ONE OF THE WORLD'S UNIQUE THEATRICAL FIGURES.

She has appeared in "1492" and you can't fool her very much. She's very attractive.

father was John J. Vander Weyde, for many years editor and proprietor of the *South American Review*, the best known newspaper in the republic of Uruguay. His grandfather was Prof. P. H. Vander Weyde, the eminent scientist, author and inventor, who, with Prof. John W. Draper, made at the University of the City of New York the first photograph ever made anywhere in the United States. Another ancestor is Roger Vander Weyden, the famous Dutch painter, whose works are displayed among the "Old Masters' Collection" at the Metropolitan Museum, in this city. Mr. Vander Weyde is also a nephew of Henry Vander Weyde, whose famous "Light Studio" in London has made his name known throughout all England.

Mr. Vander Weyde was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, twenty-eight years ago, and remained there until his surviving parent died when he was only ten years of age. He lived with relatives in New Orleans up to the time that he entered newspaperdom in this city in 1886. He was founder of *Doings*, a Brooklyn society magazine, and has since been connected with the editorial departments of the *Recorder*, *Times*, *Journal*, *Post* and *World*.

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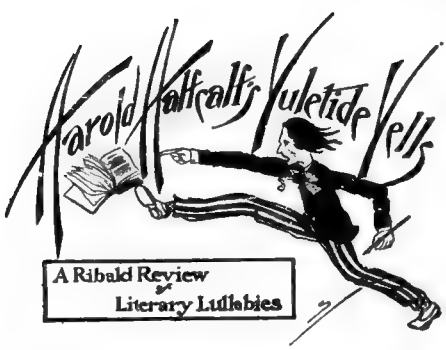

The output of Christmas literature this year that has been dumped into the office of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is just what might have been expected. Maybe you don't know what is meant by that. Then read.

Take for instance, J. J. Peabody Moore's new book, "Christmas Games, and How to Play Them." It's a very sporty book, of course. Indeed, the whole office was secretly delighted with it. Mr. Moore is to be congratulated on evolving so many pretty games to be played during merry Yuletide.

Then, there's "Christmas Stockings, and How to Fill Them." There's not a word about Santa Claus in this book. Not a word. It treats of stockings not so much when they're off as when they're on. The book is heavily illustrated with photographic cuts of these Christmas stockings, showing very clearly how they're filled. Most of the stockings seem to be fastened near the top with elastic bands, some of which have diamond buckles, and they all look nice, nice, nice. Every one of them may be said to be filled to the Queen's taste.

The war novelists are in the van with "Christmas at Santiago," by Private Party, and "Oh, Christmas! A Story of Manila," by General Debility. The former is not very interesting, being principally complaints of the hot weather, and the latter is somewhat too sudden, consisting of new Philippine oaths and when to use them.

"How the Typewriter Spent her Christmas," by Paul Platen, is a right fine story. It appears that Susie Smith, the heroine of the book, made a mistake of a figure in copying a letter, and her employer, the white-side-whiskered and highly respectable Mr. Dubbelife, called her into his private office to reproach her. The story ends rather abruptly, the reader being informed only that Miss Smith somehow managed to appease the old gentleman's wrath and continued to draw her salary with commendable and refreshing regularity.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, London.

EDNA MAY.

The Young American girl who sent congratulations to the Prince of Wales on his fifty-seventh birthday.

A book that contains some surprises for its readers is "Holiday Tarts," by Unn der Krust, translated from the German by Philther Bylle. The reader naturally thinks it is a treatise on cookery; he is a poor innocent ingenuous reader, and he gets left.

Other books yet to materialize are:

"Pap Dragon," by Woofy Waylade.

"The Day After Christmas," by Doctor Bill E. Uss.

And lots of other stuff, too painful to discuss without ether.

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Photo by Schloss, New York.

LEONA LEWIS SHOWING HOW A REAL LADY SHOULD RAISE HER SKIRTS WHILE CROSSING BROADWAY.

ONE METHOD.

"I have come to ask you, sir, to refuse to permit your daughter to marry me."

"To refuse? Why, you——"

"Yes, sir. If you will only be so kind, I know I can get her consent at once."

WILL BE RESIGNED.

RUTH—She is to be married next month, and she will live abroad.

MAY—It will be hard for her parents to lose her.

RUTH—Oh! I don't know. They've been trying to for the last ten years.

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Copyright, 1898, by J. Schloss, New York.

VASHTI EARLE, THE YEAR'S GREAT PHOTOGRAPHIC BEAUTY AGAIN.

Miss Earle has been brought into unusual prominence through the artistic work of Mr. Schloss. No doubt she's pretty enough anyway; but certainly her photographs greatly enhance her beauty.

CRUEL THING.

GRACE—I must refuse him, poor fellow, but I wish I could do something to lessen the pain of it.

MAUD—Why, you silly little goose, get someone to tell him that you haven't as much money as he thinks you have.

A SURE WAY.

HE—Reggy Fitzjames has become recklessly engaged to any number of girls, but he always gets out of it.

SHE—With decency?

HE—Oh, yes; he merely has to go and ask their father's consent, and it's all over.

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A few things that befell Freddie de Flashe about 2 P. M., after a Martin supper of lobster à la Newburg, a glass of milk, a quart of champagne and a piece of mince pie.

Photograph by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

HELEN KEATING, ONE OF THE PRETTY YOUNG AMERICAN WOMEN OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Miss Keating made her début in "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

SCENE IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT, PELL STREET, NEW YORK.

Sketched from life by A. B. Arthur.

ARTISTS' PROOFS OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE FRONT PAGES.

Could there be anything more dashing, up-to-date or pictorially fascinating than a series of artists' proofs of the front pages of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE? Do you know what an artist's proof is? It is the original proof on fine wood cut paper, hand-pulled from the original cut from which the title page is printed.

We will send you an artist's proof of any BROADWAY MAGAZINE front page from June to November inclusive, fit for panels or framing, for twenty-five cents each, or the entire set of six for one dollar.

Only a limited number of these proofs have been pulled, so send your order at once and the proof or proofs will be forwarded to you in a cardboard case.

Address, Business Manager, Broadway Publishing Company, 1123 Broadway, New York City.

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Photographs by George Smith, Cincinnati, O.

EMMA PRAGER. EMMA AND JENNIE. JENNIE PRAGER.

Oh, yes, they are in vaudeville. Did you think they did a tragedy turn? Well, we trow not. Let us continue to trow not for years.

SHE:—
Drink, sir? Drink, sir?
Ah, I saw you wink, sir!
Naughty, naughty, gentleman.
Please behave, sir, if you can.
Here's a bottle on a tray,
And as this is Christmas Day,
These two glasses we'll be clinking
As each other's healths we're drinking
In this drink, sir.

HE:—
Drink, dear? Drink, dear?
Now just let me think, dear!
Wine I love, and I adore,
But one thing I do love more.
Don't you know it? Well it's fair—
Look into the glass—ah there!
'Tis your face—yes, love, that is it;
Careful be, now—see, I kiss it—
Now I'll drink, dear!

SHE:—
Drunk, sir? Drunk, sir?
Acting like a monk, sir?
This is Christmas time, I know,
Still, you shouldn't act just so.
If you want to take a kiss
Take it gently, see, like this:
Down I'll put the tray and glasses,
Oh, the bliss of it surpasses
Any drink, sir!

HE:—
Drunk, dear? Drunk, dear?
Yes, deep down I'm sunk, dear!
But the wine I'm drinking in
Is your beauty; that's no sin!
I'm imbibing—and it's fine—
Both your face and form divine.
So upon this earth so lowly
Let us kiss each other slowly—
Then we'll drink, dear!

P. P.

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Genuine Barrios Diamonds $1.00 each

ARE EQUAL TO REAL DIAMONDS AS TO LOOKS AND WEAR.

TRADE MARK.

We are the sole agents in the United States for these marvellous semi-precious stones, which are the nearest approach to Genuine Diamonds ever discovered. For the purpose of introducing them quickly to the public we will forward either

Ring, Pin or Stud at $1.00 EACH

Earrings are $2 per pair.

MAIL ORDERS.
A BEAUTIFUL, BRILLIANT, GENUINE BARRIOS DIAMOND MOUNTED IN A HEAVY RING, PIN, OR STUD WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF
$1.00 EACH
EARRINGS $2 PAIR
IF GOODS ARE NOT AS REPRESENTED, MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.
IN ORDERING, STATE WHETHER SMALL, MEDIUM OR LARGE STONE IS DESIRED.
WE WILL FORFEIT
$1000.00 IF IT CAN BE SHOWN THAT WE HAVE EVER REFUSED TO REPLACE A STONE THAT DID NOT GIVE SATISFACTION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

DO NOT CONFOUND GENUINE BARRIOS DIAMONDS with so-called Rhinestones, White Topaz and other imitations, regardless of what the name may be. The Genuine Barrios Diamond is the only stone ever discovered that will retain its brilliancy and has no artificial backing. It is the Rich Man's Substitute and the Poor Man's Diamond. All others are simply manufactured from chemicals. Genuine Barrios Diamonds are equal to real diamonds as to looks and wear and will cut glass.

OUR GUARANTEE. Genuine Barrios Diamonds are guaranteed to retain their brilliancy forever; the mountings are heavy rolled plate and are made of one continuous piece. The plate is thick shelled gold and will last 100 years. These rings are warranted not to tarnish the finger, and are greatly superior to any similar goods ever placed on the market.

What the Great Sarah Bernhardt says:

"I have used Barrios Diamonds for stage purposes and have found them the equal of real stones."

SARAH BERNHARDT.

Carrie Gay, of Charles Frohman's Co., writes:

"While playing on the road I found Barrios Diamonds objects of great beauty and usefulness."

CARRIE GAY.

☞ Beware of feeble imitators. This offer will last for a short time only. Do not delay. Order at once.

Address Mail Orders to **BARRIOS DIAMOND CO.,**

42 AND 44 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

Mention this publication when you write.

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Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

MME. ALICIA L'ALOUETTE, PARIS, FRANCE.

A letter addressed in that way would reach her. She is a remarkably fine-looking woman whose name is familiar to the boulevardiers, and at first nights she always appears in a box attended by a half dozen admiring gallants.

WHO'S YOUR SWEETHEART? OWN UP!

AND SEND US HIS OR HER PHOTOGRAPH OR TIN TYPE AND WE WILL SEND YOU

A HANDSOME, LIFE-SIZE CRAYON (16 x 20 inches) FREE

ALL we ask you to do besides sending us the picture (which will be returned) is to send us two yearly subscriptions, at 50 cents each, to our popular illustrated magazine, and 10 cents to cover the cost of mailing the crayon to you, making $1.10 in all.

REMEMBER, we have no frames to sell you at any price. This offer is made as an inducement for you to become a subscriber to THE OWL magazine. ADDRESS:

THE OWL PUB. CO., 23 Park Row, New York City.

THE OWL is for sale by all news dealers.

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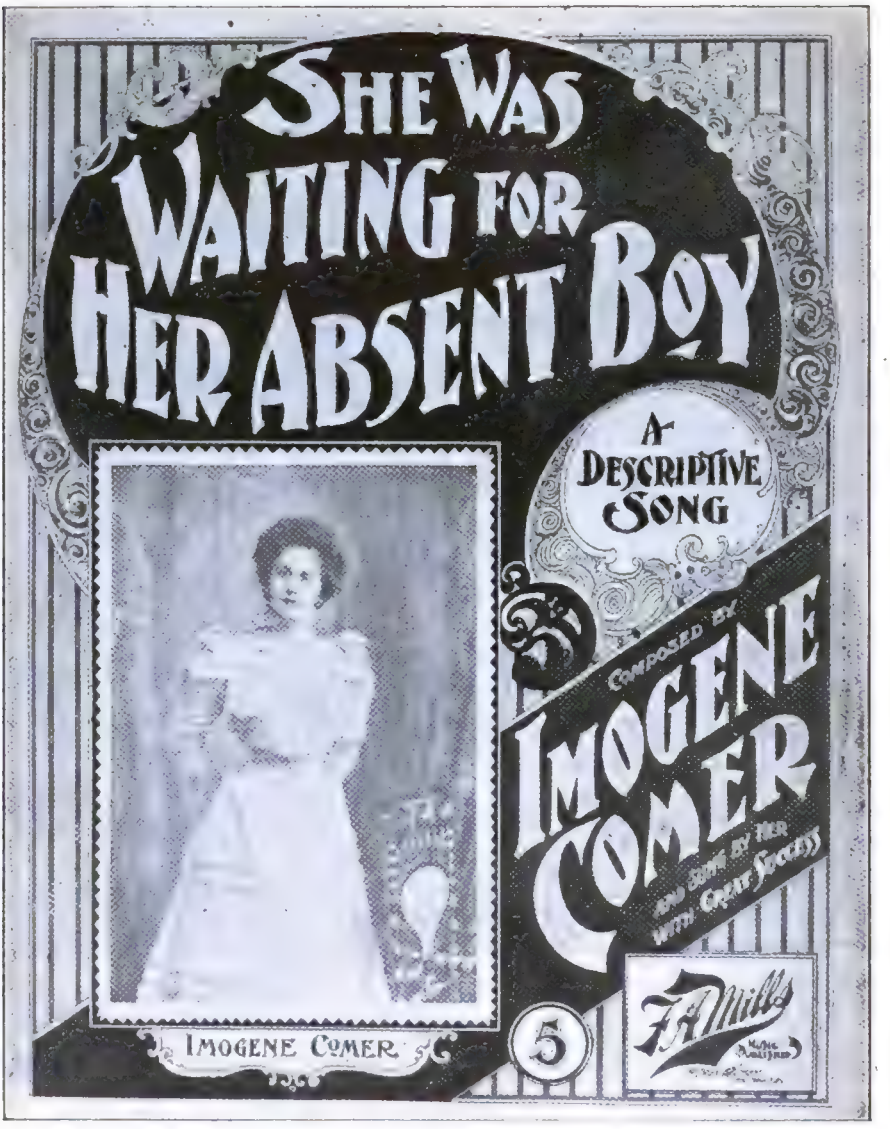

ONE OF THE SEASON'S POPULAR SUCCESSES.

TOUPEES

HEPNER'S WIGS

GREASE PAINTS AND POWDERS

Broadway Theatre Building
NEW YORK

97 Washington Street
CHICAGO

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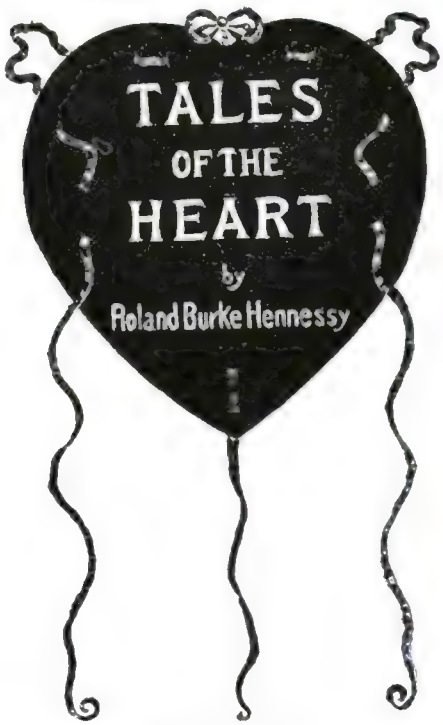
A NOTABLE BOOK OF THE YEAR.



From the NEW YORK TIMES.

"Mr. Roland Burke Hennessy, whose work in *Vanity Fair*, *Truth*, *Vogue* and other periodicals has brought him deserved notice as a graceful writer on light topics, has collected several of the best of his little stories and sketches which have appeared in the periodicals named, and has published them through Meyer Brothers & Co., under the title of 'Tales of the Heart.'

"Mr. Hennessy writes with pathos and has abounding sentiment. He has found his subjects, for the most part, in the lives of the poor and lowly, and chiefly in New York, although he has tried his hand with some success in society sketches. He appears to have considerable versatility and some idea of dramatic situation. The best of his stories of New York tenement life are 'As the Hands Go 'Round' and 'S. Like a Woman.' 'Just These Two,' a perfectly possible little story of an incident in the life of a New York street gamin, is exceedingly touching, and so well and yet simply told that it will appeal to even the least sentimental. 'In the Shadow of Palms' and 'In a London Twilight,' two society sketches, are also full of meaning and feeling. 'In an Opera Box' is the poorest of the stories. Mr. Hennessy should pursue further the vein of the sentimental and pathetic side of the life of the New York poor, which he has so well opened." Beautifully bound in cloth (white and gold), $1.00. Published by MEYER BROS. & Co., 1132 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

VALUES.

LITTLE ELSIE—Mama, how much did you put in the plate?

MOTHER—A quarter, my dear. Why?

LITTLE ELSIE (*yawning*)—Well, the preacher gives an awful lot for the money, don't he?

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

BESSIE CLAYTON AND A SMALL DOG.

Miss Clayton, one of the daintiest dancers on the American stage, was photographed in this manner for reasons best known to herself. Perhaps the dog can tell you.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 48 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the hautton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS.
Proprietor,

37 Great Jones Street,
NEW YORK.

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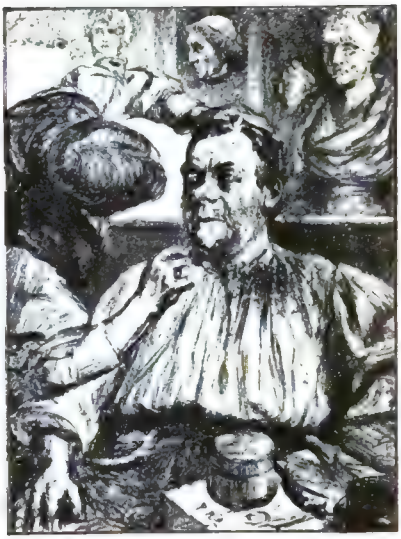
Jack Follonsbee wishes he hadn't introduced his uncle Silas, from Pyppinville, Pa., into the sacred exclusiveness of the Knickerbocker Club.



COQUELIN. THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTOR, MAKING UP FOR A PERFORMANCE IN "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

Coquelin was the originator of the Rostand comic-tragic hero and in the rôle has made one of the great artistic hits of his career.

THE

Ball Nozzle Syringe.

The most marvelous invention of the century. Can be procured from leading druggists and stores selling rubber goods, or from

COLUMBIAN BALL NOZZLE CO.,

Proprietors and Sole Manufacturers,

133 WILLIAM STREET,

NEW YORK.

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THE REMARKABLE RECORD OF
BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

FROM **17,000** TO **70,000** IN SIX MONTHS.

THE advertising pages of the January Number will close on December 14th.

The January Number will be published January 1st.

THE RECORD OF THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

First month	17,000
Second month	28,000
Third month	37,500
Fourth month	51,200
Fifth month	60,000
Sixth month	70,000

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE stands by those figures. It mentions them only, however, because they are interesting for, as a matter of fact, the rate we charge for advertising space demands a circulation of only half these figures. The BROADWAY MAGAZINE has been successful for the reason that it is bright, up-to-date and has not been made cumbersome with page after page of heavy, commonplace padding.

The publishers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE have always striven to make each page crisp, beautiful and entertaining.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE is a periodical of quality and not quantity. This is our first studied attempt to secure advertising; all our time has been taken up in getting and keeping a circulation.

A glance at the opposite page will give you a few interesting facts about the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. A still further perusal of the following pages in this circular will explain to you why the BROADWAY MAGAZINE has been such a pronounced success.

Advertising rates on application. Special rates to advertising agents.

Remember: forms close December 14th.

Don't forget that the **January Number** of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE will be a capital issue with which you can experiment at the regular price.

Address,

ADVERTISING MANAGER, BROADWAY MAGAZINE,

1123 Broadway, New York City.

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DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH

Would you like long rich hair? Do you want relief from those distressing Headaches?

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush cures Headache and Neuralgia, prevents Dandruff, Falling Hair and Baldness. Try it six months, if not found as represented return it and money will be refunded.

PRICES: No. 1 Brush, $1; No. 2 Brush, $1.50; No. 3 Brush, $2.00; No. 4 Brush, $2.50; No. 5 Brush, $3.

Quality same in all; prices differ only according to size and power.

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THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE FOR 1899.

The publishers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE take this opportunity of stating that they have made arrangements for a number of pictorial and literary features for the coming year which will insure this publication being absolutely the most unique, beautiful and satisfying monthly periodical on the news stands.

In the first place, the BROADWAY MAGAZINE will retain every feature that has already made it the smartest of monthly publications.

The covers will, as in the past, strike the eye and rivet attention at once.

The footlights in all their varying phases will receive the fullest attention.

Its jokes in picture and point will amuse without instructing.

The Red Soubrette will continue to tell saucy truths in a saucy way.

"Tales of Broadway" will be continued from month to month.

The *Man on Broadway* will give his bright and exclusive gossip of the street.

Harold Halfcalf will enlighten the world with his literary critiques.

Society as it exists—also as it does not exist—will be playfully handled by a man who doesn't know the difference between a swallow tail coat and a buffalo robe.

"BROADWAY MAGAZINE Caricatures" will be one of the entertaining pictorial features of the year. Great men, and men who think they are great, will be held up to the cruel gaze of the world, and their weaknesses and personal peculiarities will be pointed out by the sharp pen of our artists.

The half tone pictures in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE for 1899 will be absolutely the strongest, brightest and most entertaining published. The arrangements heretofore referred to embody a breadth of illustration hitherto unknown in magazinedom. There will be no padding. Every page will tell. The commonplace and the uninteresting will be left to others. We will not try to settle the fate of the world, to upset the peace of nations or to make life miserable for any except those who see no gayety on this side of the grave. For these there will be war to the death.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE will be the embodiment of all that is bright, crisp and up to date and it will always discard the tallow candle for the calcium light.

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VOL. I. May to September, 1898, inclusive

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BACK NUMBERS OF
THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

A BACK NUMBER.

(The first number, April, is now out of print. The first number of no other monthly magazine was ever sold out as has been this issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.)

MAY.—Full page pictures of Helen Dupont, Lillian Russell, Marie Valleau, Gertrude Rivers, Mae Bradley, Gerome Edwardy, Merri Osborne, and Effie Shannon. Also a story about Archie Gunn and his work. Also a picture of Alan Dale. Also some brilliantly illustrated articles of general interest. Only a few copies left. **Price 25 cents per copy.**

JUNE.—Cover shows Anna Held looking devilish. Full page pictures of Zelma Rawlston, Ada Dare, Clarisse Agnew, Belle Harper, Dorothy Usher, Louise Hepner, Ursula Garnett, Louise Boucicault, Ada Rehan, Nella Bergen, and the Hengler Sisters. There's an illustrated article about the artist George B. Luks and his comical cartoons, and some of Aubrey Beardsley's weird works. A story about Greek costume. Four breezy French girls. **Price 10 cents.**

JULY.—This is the bathing season number and it makes you think of cool drinks and warm nights and lots of things pertaining to merry summer. Yes. The cover starts with two sweet young birdies in dazzling raiment. There are full page pictures of Bessie Carl, Paula Edwardes, La Liska the dancer, Felicia Baranca, Deyo, Nellie Sarony, Tetinia, Isabel Irving, Gladys Wallis, Nina Morris, A Little Bunch of Rice (very tysty, indeed; very tysty), Grace Heyer, Marie Halton, Della Pringle, Nellie Hawthorne, Edna May, and Madeline Bouton. Besides these attractions are a series of Reutlinger photographs of bathing girls and others, and some snapshots of Broadway habitués taken by Lee Harrison. **Price 10 cents.**

AUGUST.—On the red cover of the August number are Marguerite Sylva and Irene Vera who pose as roof-garden divinities. Inside are full pages showing Olga Barrison, Anna Belmont, Kathryn Osterman, Irene Vera, Helen Merrill, Helen Potter, Sadie Martinot, Katherine Foote (Lucille of that ilk), Camille Cleveland, Amélie Rives, Laura Williams (now Mrs. General Merritt), Edna Wallace Hopper, Madge Lessing, Rachel Ford, Maude Hollins, Princess Chimay (you've heard of her), Virginia Earle, Marie Jansen, and Belle Livingstone. August being a hot month, the magazine is proportionately—cool. But buy it and read for yourself. **Price 10 cents.**

SEPTEMBER.—Cute little E. W. Hopper is on the cover in blue ink and beauty. Inside is "Just a Little Dash of Black," a daguerrotype effect of a shapely lady. September has full-page portraits of Minnie Bridges, Gertrude Zella, Bessie Sutherland, Rose Coghlan, Patrice, Fougère, Edna Lyle, Ada Potter, Rosalie Welles, Maude Hoffman, Rosalie Knott, Gretchen Doerk, Leona Luke, and Miss Dixon. There's a rattling good story about an actress and her ménage. And there's an interesting article (with picture) about William R. Hearst, known pretty well as editor of the New York *Journal*. And there are Cuban beauties, and—and—well, **it's only 10 cents** to see what else.

OCTOBER.—October, sober—but not in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. No, jolly and merry. Look at the full-pages of Alice Judson, Maude King, Lola Hawthorne, Clara Betz (with story about her astonishing poses), Yolande Wallace, Catherine Linyard, Jennie Hawley, Hope Booth, Marie Tempest, Jessica Sheldon, Mabel Bouton, Josie DeWitt, Elizabeth Padgette. Astonishing editorials. Attractive cover. **Price 10 cents.**

NOVEMBER.—In this there are full-pages of Phyllis Young, Vashti Earl, Rosa Masso, Marie Celeste, Carrie Fulton, Marie Studholme, Imogene Comer, Mignon Haun, and Rose Le Moyne. There are some striking theatrical posters by Archie Gunn and others. That very naughty farce "The Turtle" is written up and illustrated as no other magazine could do it. The story "When Passion Leads the Way" is full of power. You see, too, Weber's and Fields' faces, and also those of some well-known New York newspaper artists. **Price 10 cents.**

REMEMBER!

The above does not comprise everything. There are hosts of features that we can only refer to in the space allowed us. For instance, the "Tales of Broadway," one in each number, are great! And then there's the Red Soubrette's giddy gossip, to say nothing of the Man on Broadway's "Gin Fizzes and Things." As for Percival Pash's poems, say—well, the tongue is too full for utterance or something. And the Broadway Silhouettes, too. But we must stop, or we'll tell you everything. **Copies sent postpaid for price named.**

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THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE PROSPECTUS FOR 1899?
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